

## DADDY COME BACK

Home, sweet home means nothing,  
For Daddy is not here;  
I tried to smile but I don't know how,  
I shed many lonely tears.  
I see sweethearts, husbands, wives  
On the streets as they pass me by;  
To think of us so far apart,  
Oh, Daddy! it makes me cry.

### *Chorus—*

Daddy come back to me,  
Take me in your arms again,  
And say that you love me still;  
Daddy come back to me,  
Take your baby in your arms,  
And kiss all her tears away.

I know you love me Daddy, dear,  
Or you never would have wed,  
Won't you please come back to me,  
I forget the life I led.  
I dragged you down and broke your heart,  
But still you were true to me,  
Won't you give me just one more start,  
Daddy, won't you please.

*—Words and Music by Ernest Iverson,  
the Master Troubadour*

## DREAM MOTHER

*Chorus—*

Dream Mother, dream Mother,  
Angel divine, tho' you are gone from my side,  
I see you in dreams every night:  
We'll meet Mother, dear Mother,  
Some day, some time,  
Tho' your not here beside me,  
Your love will always guide me,  
Dream Mother of mine.

## I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU USED TO BE

Sweetheart of mine, it's foolish to pine,  
So dry all your tears away,  
You make mistakes like everyone makes,  
We're starting all over today.

*Chorus—*

I don't care what you used to be, I know what you are today,  
If you love me like I love you, who cares what the world may say,  
I was no angel in days gone by,  
You asked no questions so why should I,  
I don't care what you used to be,  
I know what you are today.

Why do you stay your suffering way,  
Why hang your head in shame;  
You've had your share of troubles to bear,  
Let me take my share of the blame.

*Chorus—*

## THE WEST A NEST AND YOU

I am dreaming dreams and I am scheming schemes,  
I am building castles in the air,  
Dreams may come and go,  
But there's some one I know,  
Who lingers with me from the long ago.

*Chorus—*

The west a nest and you dear,  
Oh! what a dream 'twill be,  
A cozy little cottage,  
Beside some western sea,  
And who knows some day maybe,  
My dreams will all come true,  
A cradle and a baby  
The west a nest and you.

## HAM AND EGGS

Some men like wild parties with lots of pretty gals,  
Some men get a bottle and make whoopee with his pals,  
Some sit up till daylight playing cards and shooting dice,  
Boys you'll think I'm crazy but I'm not telling you no lies.

### *Chorus—*

When I'm rolling out of bed it's ham and eggs,  
And it's ham and eggs before I hit the hay;  
The hens may cackle and the roosters crow,  
Wash your hands and face and watch your appetite grow;  
You can have your women and your old rock and rye;  
But, oh! dear Lordy, before I die,  
Set me to the table and let me cross my legs,  
For I'm going to go to heaven eatin' ham and eggs.

I went out to a party, they offered me a drink,  
I turned the bottle upside down and poured it in the sink;  
Say, boys, I can't be bothered with your women, wine, and dance,  
The girl behind the counter is the only one who has a chance.

*—Composed and Copyrighted by Ernest N. Iverson*

## MY DUMB, DUMB DUMMY

Honey Baby, listen to me, you're doin' me so doggone mean;  
Honey Baby, listen to me, you're about the meanest gal I've seen;  
You come in this morning at half past two,  
With your heart as hard as stone,  
I'm goin' to build me a dummy, so I won't be left all alone.

### *Chorus—*

I'll take a leg from off the table,  
I'll take an arm from off the chair,  
I'll take the body from a sofa,  
From a mattress I'll take her hair;  
I'll take the hands and face from off the clock,  
Oh! Honey, when I'm thru,  
I bet I get more lovin' from my dumb, dumb dummy,  
Than I've been gettin' from you.

### *Second Chorus—*

I'll take the eye from off a needle,  
I'll take the teeth from any comb,  
I'll take the mouth from off a bottle,  
And a voice from a graphophone.  
For an ear I'll take an ear of corn,  
Oh! Honey, when I'm thru,  
I bet I get more lovin' from my dumb, dumb dummy,  
Than I've been getting from you.

*—Verse and Music by Ernest N. Iverson*

## ME AND MY LITTLE OLD GUITAR

I've tried to save my money,  
I've tried to settle down,  
And I've tried to make myself a home,  
I've had those things called sweethearts,  
And I've heard the wedding bells,  
Well, I guess I'se put here just to roam.

### *Chorus—*

So I'm going to start to roaming, and I'm never goin' to stop,  
I'm goin' to ramble on and on and on,  
Take my old guitar along, when I'm blue I'll sing a song,  
Just me and my little old guitar,  
And I'm goin' to do my sleeping while some old freight train is creeping,  
Creeping down some lonesome railroad line,  
And I'll make my home wherever I may chance to hang my hat,  
For there's no such thing as home, sweet home for me.

*Composed and Copyrighted by Ernest N. Iverson*

## THEY GO WILD OVER ME

*Parady*

They go wild, simply wild over me,  
I don't know what they can see;  
They look at me and sigh, in my arms they want to die;  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

My wife she went wild over me,  
She caught me out with another young lady,  
She went for her gun, and you ought to seen me run,  
She went wild, simply wild over me.

Then my mother-in-law went wild over me,  
She blacked my eye so I could hardly see:  
She took the rolling pin and broom,  
And she chased me from my room,  
She went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the bulldog went wild over me,  
He chased me up a big persimmons tree;  
The tree broke, and I fell down,  
The dog and I went 'round and 'round,  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

She went wild, simply wild over me;  
I'm referring to my darn old landlady:  
She came to collect the rent,  
I was broke so out I went,  
She went wild, simply wild over me.

I'm as mild a mannered man as can be;  
I never done no wrong that I can see;  
Still on me they put a band,  
And they threw me in the can,  
They went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge he went wild over me,  
And I plainly saw we never could agree,  
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,  
And he went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the jailer went wild over me;  
He locked me up and threw away the key:  
I seemed to be the rage,  
So they kept me in a cage,  
They went wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me;  
When I go to the land that is to be;  
When my soul and body parts,  
In the stillness of my heart,  
Will the roses go wild over me.

—Words by Ernest Iverson

## THE MAN THAT DIDN'T FIT IN

I'm just a bum — a rambling wreck—  
Just a man that didn't fit in;  
Boys, if you'll give me just one more drink,  
I'll tell you what a fool I've been;  
I was of a restless nature — rambled my whole life thru,  
Always tired of the things that were,  
I wanted the strange and the new.

Each fresh move was a fresh mistake,  
I forgot as I went the pace,  
That it was the steady and quiet ones that won,  
In this life long race.  
Yes, I forgot till my youth had fled;  
Till the prime of my life was past:  
Till I stood one day with a hope that's dead,  
In the glare of the truth at last.

I know my sins have been many,  
I've always played the fool,  
Whiskey, cards and women,  
All made me the devil's tool,  
Made my home amongst the red lights,  
A lowly and loveless life.  
Never knew the kiss of a real sweetheart,  
Or the sweet caress of a wife.

Altho' I didn't deserve it;  
My life was too reckless and wild;  
But, gee, how I treasured a woman's love,  
And the sweet, warm kiss of a child,  
Now I've lost — I've missed my chance —  
I've done every thing by half,  
Life's been a jolly good joke on me,  
And now is the time to laugh.

I played the wrong kind of a game,  
And I lost;  
That game that you never win,  
I'm a rolling stone,  
It's bred in the bone —  
Just a man that didn't fit in.

—Composed by Iverson and Service

# Around the Next Bend

1

Words & Music by  
CLARENCE IVERSON  
*The Vagabond Kid*

Don't ask me where I am go - ing — My long dust - y road nev - er ends — The

place for which I've been search - ing — Is al - way a - round the next bend — The

place where the sun shines the bright - est, The place where my wea - ry road ends; — The

place where the flow - ers are fin - est Is al - ways a - round the next bend. —

2. I want to find peace and quiet,  
And sleep in the shade all day long;  
There all alone with my memories,  
I'll live with the birds and their songs.  
The place where the sun shines the brightest,  
The place where my weary road ends;  
The place where the flowers are finest,  
Is always around the next bend.

3. A man told me once of a haven,  
Where a good ruler deals out your share,  
To you he will offer contentment,  
I know I'll find happiness there;  
I know I'll find peace and contentment,  
I know it's around the next bend  
There without fear or resentment,  
I know my worries will end.

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# The Girl with the Pretty Red Hair

Words & Music  
by SLIM JIM

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of five systems. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics, a piano accompaniment with treble and bass staves, and guitar chord diagrams above the vocal line. The lyrics are: "In the ci - ty of wealth and fashion — Dear old Dal - las I land - ed one night — I'd been bum - ming rides on the high - way — Lord - y Lord I was a sight — I rode in - to town with a leg - ger — Got drunk on his rot - ten old booze — Got a room in a dump on North Acard — De - cid - ed to take me a snooze. —"

2  
Now I've slept in many a mad house,  
But this is the worst I'd seen.  
All I heard was the curses of drunk men,  
And it stunk with the odor of gin.  
So I figgered I'd clean up a little,  
And go off down town for a stroll,  
And for a guy who'd been bumming the highway  
I was holding a pretty fair roll.

3  
I fooled around about an hour,  
Just to see what I could find,  
I ran into a red headed baby  
On the corner of Harwood and Bryan.  
She was crying like nobody's business,  
She was hungry and wanted to eat.  
I was sorry and much interested,  
She didn't look like a girl of the street.

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## THE GIRL WITH THE PRETTY RED HAIR (Continued)

So I took her down to Elphoenex,  
 Where the Dallas night life meet,  
 We ordered a Mexican dinner  
 And Lawd God, God, how that gal did eat.  
 When she finished her face seemed to brighten,  
 And looked at me with an innocent stare,  
 And I may as well tell you I fell good and hard;  
 For this girl with the pretty red hair.

Now when a man falls for a woman,  
 Why it's just too bad for the man;  
 When she finds he's gone nuts about her,  
 She'll ruin him if she can.  
 And this was the way that it happened,  
 With this gal with the pretty red hair.  
 I thought that my gal was different,  
 But I soon found that she couldn't play fair.

My baby's clothes, they were tattered,  
 And her shoes nearly fell off her feet,  
 So I decided I'd spend some money  
 And give my eyes a treat.  
 I took her down to Sangers,  
 And bought her some good clothes to wear,  
 Sent her to Morris's beauty parlor  
 And put a wave in her pretty red hair.

I could begin to tell you,  
 All I done for this red headed baby of mine,  
 I took her to Melrose apartments  
 And got her the best room that I could find.  
 Now we were like Frankie and Johnnie,  
 Lawdy, Lawdy, how we did love.  
 I was, and I thought that she'd be  
 As true as the stars above.

I was a hard working musician,  
 Made parties for the coin I could make;  
 Met gals and plenty of them,  
 Told them all to go jump in the lake.  
 But when I was out working so my red headed  
 baby could be fed  
 She was playing around with the smart set,  
 When I thought she was home in bed.

Recitation:

Makes me laugh to think that a smart little  
 old school-boy  
 Like my daddy used to know and send to  
 school,  
 Should grow up to be such a chump;  
 But that's one of the lessons you learn  
 That you don't learn in school.  
 When nature teaches a lesson  
 Don't worry, you'll never forget.

There's a pain that folks call a heart ache,  
 It'll stay with you many a day.  
 But if you're a man, you'll keep on a grinning,  
 'Till that pain slowly passes away.  
 Love is a thing that is funny.  
 It's a thing you don't find everywhere.  
 That's what started tables to turning  
 On this gal with the pretty red hair.

She fell for a cheap dice hustler,  
 That was laying around the hotel.  
 And she threw me down for this bozo,  
 And that is all I care to tell;  
 Except about three months later  
 I met her out on the street.  
 She had been hitting the needle,  
 And life didn't seem so sweet.

I suppose he had shook her  
 And grief had dragged her down;  
 For she looked like a gal that would welcome  
 A last resting place in the ground.  
 Once while reading the paper of a gal gone the  
 suicide route  
 Had jumped from a ten story window,  
 It was her I was reading about.

In the Potter's field the next time I saw her,  
 They left her a laying out there;  
 And now may the good Lord bless her  
 This girl with the pretty red hair.  
 And as I ramble through the country,  
 Just me and my little old guitar;  
 Some day I'll meet up with that bozo,  
 That messed up my pretty red hair.

# Can I Play My Guitar in Heaven

Words & Music by  
CLARENCE IVERSON  
"The Vagabond King"

1. I trav-el and sing for a liv-ing — My home is an empty box car — I'm  
 2. As I shivered and slept on a bur-lap sack — On a load of har-vest twine, — I

nev-er dis-cour-aged or friendless — For I al-ways have my gui-tar — There's a  
 dreamed I stood at the pearl-y gates — Waitin' my turn in line. — And

thought that al-ways haunts me — As I trav-el near and far — When at  
 there at the por-tals of Par-a-dise — I saw a flam-ing sign, — I

last I pass thru the pearl-y gates Will they let me keep my gui-tar.  
 clasped my gui-tar and sobbed as I read, "Leave your earth-ly possessions be-hind."

3. I saw men and women in robes of white and children playing around,  
 From a cluster of glory and angels wings, came a sweet and familiar sound.  
 There sat old Joe playing his guitar, on St. Peter's face was a grin,  
 As I came near the gate he saw my guitar, and beckoned for me to come in.

4. Joe and I used to ramble around and some-times we'd entertain,  
 But he fell asleep while riding the blinds, of an east bound passenger train.  
 I goes over to Joe and tells him, Hello! he acts just like a kid,  
 He jumps up and down and pumps my hand, Just like old Joe always did.

5. It seems he couldn't let go his guitar, when he came to the promised land,  
 So he played a few tunes for St. Peter, and the old boy thought it was grand.  
 That dream made me think of old Joe again, every day I sent him a prayer,  
 When he sees St. Peter to ask Him for me, can I play my guitar up there.

# My Dum Dum Dummy

Words & Music  
by SLIM JIM

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a melody line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment with chords and bass lines. The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano line. The lyrics are: "Honey ba-by listen to me You're do-ing me so doggone mean Hon-ey ba-by lis-ten to me You're 'bout the meanest (gal) I've seen (man) You came in this morning at half-past two With your heart as hard as stone I'm gonna build me a dum dum dummy So I won't be left all a-lone. I'll take the legs from off the ta-ble, Take the arms from off a chair: Take the bod-y from a so-fa From the mattress I'll take hair. I'll take the hands and face from off the clock Oh honey when I'm thru I'll bet I get more lovin' From a dum dum dummy Than I've been gettin' from you." The score includes various chord symbols such as C, D7, G7, Cdim, G, Ddim, Fm, G7, C, G7, F, A7, Dm, C, G7, C, A7, D7, G7, and C. There is a section labeled "CHO." (Chorus) starting with the lyrics "I'll take the legs from off the table...".

## 2nd Chorus

I'll take the eyes from off a needle, I'll take the teeth from any comb.  
I'll take the mouth from off a bottle, And a voice from a graphophone,  
For an ear I'll take an ear of corn, Oh honey, when I'm through;  
I'll bet I get more lovin' from my dum dum dummy,  
Than I've been gettin' from you.



# Some One Who Loves Me is Waiting

Words & Music  
by SLIM JIM

The musical score is written in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Chord diagrams are provided above the vocal line for guitar reference.

**Verse 1:**  
 To-night at home beneath the moon Neath western skies I hear her croon As she rocks in her chair all a-lone —  
 Ten-der-ly she prays for me as patient-ly She waits to see her wand'ring boy come home. —

**CHORUS:**  
 Some-one who loves me is wait-ing — At the end of that long dusty lane — There's a  
 house with a light in the win-dow — To guide my steps home-ward a - gain — And as  
 fast as my foot-steps will take me — I'm going back to my home far a - way, — For  
 some-one is watch-ing and long-ing — For me to come back home to stay. —

# The Little Girl Next Door to Us

Schottische

Dedicated to Sharon Swadling (1939)

By the Vagabond Kid

1. We sure like our neigh-bor - hood We think that ev - 'ry -  
2. Big blue eyes and little pug nose — Ros - y cheeks I  
3. Tap, tap, tap - ping on our door — Pit - ter pat - ter  
4. Hel - lo neigh - bor how you be? — Did you come to

bod - y would The rea - son is that just be - cause A  
go for those — Gold - en hair all curls and fuss The  
on our floor The sweet - est girl that ev - er was The  
play with me — Put your arms a - round me thus The

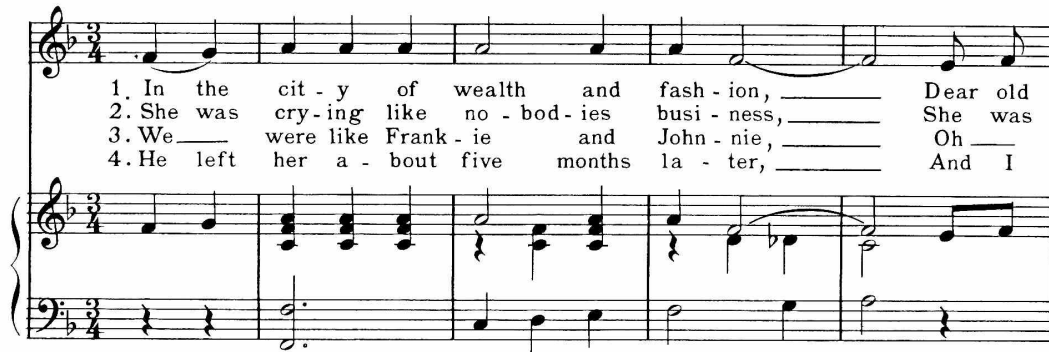
VAMP

lit - tle girl lives next to us.  
lit - tle girl next door to us.  
lit - tle girl next door to us.  
lit - tle girl next door to us.

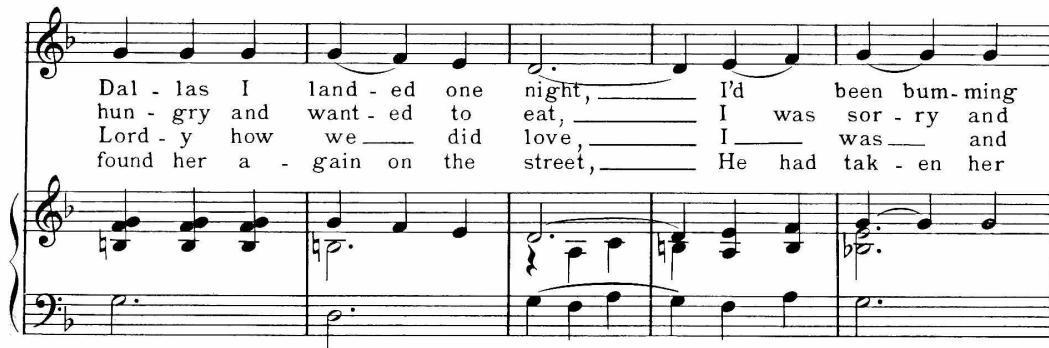
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# The Girl with the Pretty Red Hair


By ERNEST IVERSON



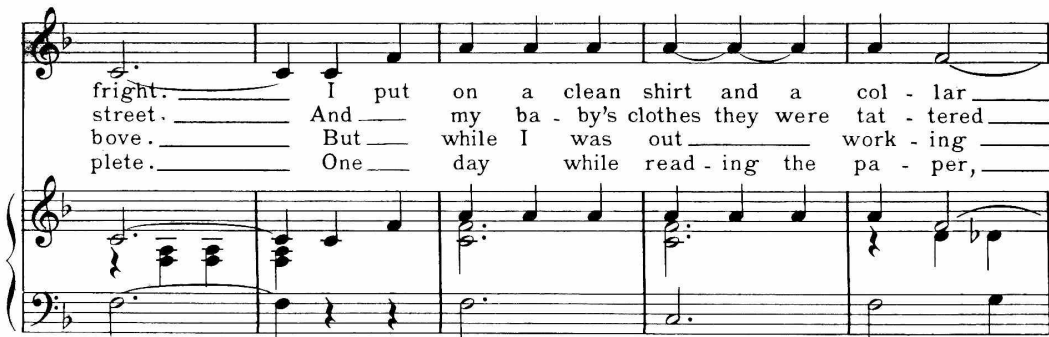
1. In the cit - y of wealth and fash - ion, \_\_\_\_\_ Dear old  
2. She was cry - ing like no - bod - ies busi - ness, \_\_\_\_\_ She was  
3. We \_\_\_\_\_ were like Frank - ie and John - nie, \_\_\_\_\_ Oh \_\_\_\_\_  
4. He left her a - bout five months la - ter, \_\_\_\_\_ And I



Dal - las I land - ed one night, \_\_\_\_\_ I'd been bum - ming  
hun - gry and want - ed to eat, \_\_\_\_\_ I was sor - ry and  
Lord - y how we \_\_\_\_\_ did love, \_\_\_\_\_ I \_\_\_\_\_ was \_\_\_\_\_ and  
found her a - gain on the street, \_\_\_\_\_ He had tak - en her



rides on the high - way \_\_\_\_\_ And Lord \_\_\_\_\_ I was \_\_\_\_\_ a  
much in - ter - est - ed, \_\_\_\_\_ She didn't look like a girl of the  
I thought that she'd be, \_\_\_\_\_ Just as true as the stars up a -  
down to the gut - ter \_\_\_\_\_ And now his job was \_\_\_\_\_ com -



fright. \_\_\_\_\_ I put on a clean shirt and a col - lar \_\_\_\_\_  
street. \_\_\_\_\_ And \_\_\_\_\_ my ba - by's clothes they were tat - tered \_\_\_\_\_  
bove. \_\_\_\_\_ But \_\_\_\_\_ while I was out \_\_\_\_\_ work - ing \_\_\_\_\_  
plete. \_\_\_\_\_ One \_\_\_\_\_ day while read - ing the pa - per, \_\_\_\_\_

— And went off down town for a stroll, — I'd been rid - ing that  
 — And her shoes near - ly fell off her feet. — So I fig - ured I'd  
 — So this red head - ed girl could be fed — She was play - ing a -  
 — Of a gal gone the sui - side — route, — She had jump'd from a

year in a round-up — And was hold - ing a pret - ty fair roll. —  
 spend — some mon - ey — And — give my eyes — a treat. —  
 round with the smart set — When I thought that she'd be home in bed. —  
 ten sto - ry win - dow, — It was her I was read - ing a - bout. —

— I fooled — a - round a - bout an hour, — Just to see  
 — I took her — down to San - ger's — And bought her some  
 — One day she met up with a gam - bler — Who made her be -  
 — In the Pot - ter's field, last time I saw her, — They left her a

what I could find, — I ran in - to a red - head - ed ba - by —  
 good clothes to wear, — I sent her to Moore's Beau - ty Par - lor —  
 lieve he could care, — He wooed her and won her and took her a -  
 ly - ing out there — And now may the good Lord — bless her, —

On a corn - er of Har - wood and Bryan.  
 Put a wave in her pret - ty red hair.  
 way My gal with the pret - ty red hair.  
 This gal with the pret - ty red hair.

CHORUS

Oh my pret - ty red hair. Oh my  
 Oh my pret - ty red hair. Oh my  
 Oh my pret - ty red hair. Oh my  
 Oh my pret - ty red hair. Oh my

pret - ty red hair, I may as well tell you I  
 pret - ty red hair, I thought she was dif - f'rent, I  
 pret - ty red hair, Love found a way to turn the  
 pret - ty red hair, Some day bye and bye - I'll meet

fell good and hard For this gal with the pret - ty red hair.  
 thought she was true, But I soon found she could - n't play fair.  
 ta - bles one day On this gal with the pret - ty red hair.  
 up with that guy, That messed up my pret - ty red hair.



# My Gal With The Pretty Red Hair

In a city of wealth and fashion  
Dear old Dallas I landed one night  
I'd been bumming rides on the highway  
And my clothes they were a sight

I put on a clean shirt and a collar  
And went off downtown for a stroll  
I'd been riding that year in the round up  
And was holding a pretty fair roll

I fooled around 'bout an hour  
Just to see what I could find  
Ran into a red-headed baby  
On the corner of Harwood and Bryan

She looked kind of hungry  
Her clothes were all torn  
But something I saw made me stare  
And I may as well tell you I fell good and hard  
For this gal with the pretty red hair

I took her down to the restaurant  
And bought her the best that was there  
Sent her on down to the beauty salon  
Put a wave in her pretty red hair

Oh my pretty red hair  
Oh my pretty red hair  
I thought she'd be different  
I thought she'd be true  
But I soon found she couldn't play fair

Oh my pretty red hair  
Oh my pretty red hair  
My future looked bright  
But I spoiled it that night  
When I married my pretty red hair

But while I was out working  
So my red-headed gal could be fed  
She was playing around with the smart set  
While I thought she was home in her bed

She fell for a guy with a banjo  
A cowboy who sang on the air  
It didn't take long he sang her a song  
And he stole my pretty red hair

Oh my pretty red hair  
Oh my pretty red hair  
He wooed her and won her  
And took her away  
My gal with the pretty red hair

Oh my pretty red hair  
Oh my pretty red hair  
Some day by and by  
I'll meet up with that guy  
Who messed up my pretty red hair

As recorded by Slim Jim and the Vagabond Kid

# A Helping Hand

A Beautiful Life

Each day I'll do a golden deed  
By helping those who are in need;  
My life on earth is but a span,  
And so I'll do the best I can.

Life's evening sun is sinking low,  
A few more days and I must go  
To meet the deeds that I have done,  
Where there will be no setting sun.

The only life that will endure,  
Is one that's kind and good and pure;  
And so for God I'll take my stand,  
Each day I'll lend a helping hand.

Melody and text: William M. Golden 1918

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# Credits

1931 songbook: pp. 01-06

1937 songbook: pp. 07-12

1939 songbook: pp. 13-16

1962 recording: pp. 17-19